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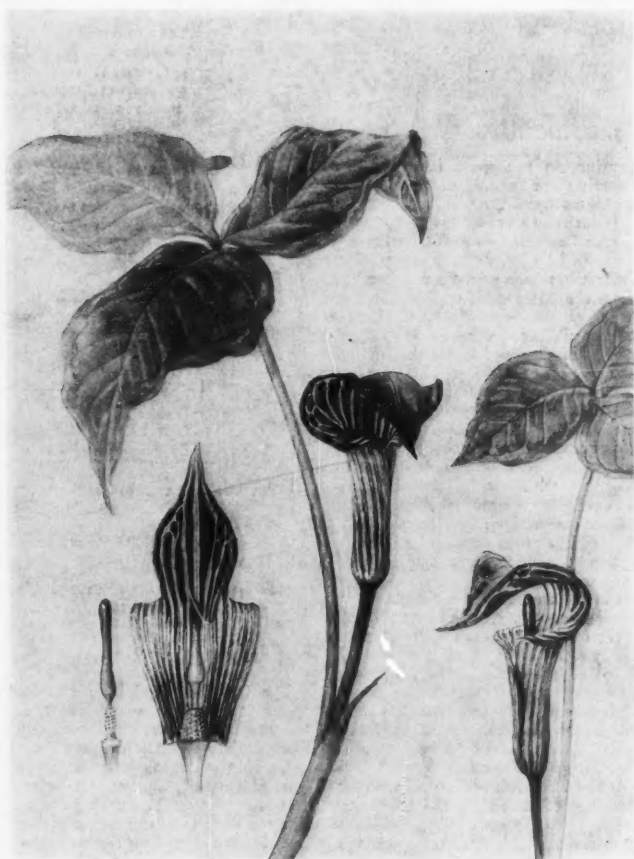
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VOLUME XXI

PITTSBURGH, PA., JULY 1947

NUMBER 2



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

By ANDREY AVINOFF

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XXI

NUMBER 2

JULY 1947

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

The illustration on the cover is reproduced from one of nearly three hundred exquisite water-color plates painted by Dr. Andrey Avinoff for the purpose of illustrating a proposed work on the plants of western Pennsylvania and adjacent regions being prepared by Dr. O. E. Jennings. The Jack-in-the-Pulpit has been selected more or less at random from the 343 species depicted on Dr. Avinoff's plates.

The Jack-in-the-Pulpit (*Arisaema triphyllum*) occurs commonly in rich woodlands throughout the whole eastern part of the United States, from the Gulf States to Maine and Minnesota. It belongs to the arum family, an enormous aggregation of more than fifteen hundred species of herbs, for the most part tropical. Many of them, known commonly as aroids, are to be seen in conservatories as foliage plants. The calla lily belongs to this family as does also our native skunk cabbage. We have at least two native species of the Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the swamp species (*Arisaema Stewardsoni*) having a beautifully white fluted spathe.

The flowers in the arum family are mostly very small and are borne on a clublike or spherical organ called the spadix which is usually more or less enveloped by a tubular or hoodlike spathe. In the Jack-in-the-Pulpit the spadix is clublike and the spathe arches over it something like the canopy over the pulpit in some old-time church, hence, probably, the name of Jack-in-the-Pulpit. The minute flowers are on the base of the spadix, down in the tube of the spathe, the fertile ones being below the staminate. In some of the aroids, a ring of hairs at the base of the spadix and above the fertile flowers traps the insect. When the hairs wither, the insect, if still able, crawls out past the stamens which by this time are releasing pollen. This is a very neat arrangement to ensure cross-pollination.

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The Jack-in-the-Pulpit is also known as the Indian Turnip. The whole plant, including the bright scarlet berries, and particularly the bulbous base of the stem, known as the corm, is very acrid, containing microscopically needle-like crystals (raphides) of calcium oxalate. Every country boy knows the intolerable burning and stinging sensation resulting from chewing a piece of the corm. The Indians somehow learned that these disagreeable qualities were dissipated by heating and drying, and that the corms, which are quite starchy, furnished them a good flour for food.

THE BAKEWELL GLASS FACTORY

BY MARY E. BAKEWELL

A DAMNING adjective was applied to Pittsburgh last month by one of CARNEGIE MAGAZINE'S contributors when he wrote of "the disconsolate Monongahela."

Without undue probing into merits of the designation, one must admit that the term might be deserved for certain aspects of the city: begrimed, incomplete, really inchoate—begun, but not yet finished and realized.

Yet some hundred and thirty years ago, to a newcome young Englishman, it doubtless seemed all of Utopia. For here were green hills, full-flowing rivers, a new settlement with opportunity at every hand; here he found the stuff of which life weaves good patterns.

Benjamin Bakewell was born at Derby, England, in 1767, the son of Joseph and Sarah Woodhouse Bakewell. Married in young manhood to Anne White, for support of her and their future family he became an importer of French goods. Through his constant expeditions across the Channel young Bakewell received a wide education, not only in another language but in another history, another culture than his own—in architecture, beautiful objects in church, museum, shops, in

men and women different from those he knew and yet much the same. Furthermore, since he was to become a Liberal in outlook, it is interesting to note that

he was a spectator of the French Revolution. Thereafter came the grim chapter of war between France and England—and the business of importation was ended.

In 1794 Benjamin Bakewell with his wife and children set sail for that new and promising country of the United States of America, to which many English eyes had turned. He established his family in New York City and started his old business of importing, but with little success, for the French and

English War had effect even upon this far land, and when President Thomas Jefferson laid a stern embargo upon all foreign trade, importation died.

Why or how my great-grandfather's attention was drawn to glass manufacture has not been ascertained. England had known glass since the end of the first century A.D. With his intelligence and esthetic sense well developed it is reasonable to think that he may have mulled over certain ideas. Practically considered, Pittsburgh, ideally situated on navigable rivers, was in strategic position for any manu-



BENJAMIN BAKEWELL

By JAMES R. LAMBDIN,
a pupil of Sully

Owned by Mrs. T. H. B. McKnight



Blown decanter (10½ inches) cut in Honeycomb pattern, blown celery glass and water goblet owned by Mrs. Charles Wharton, Jr.

facturing. The art of glass-making was older than history; a factory was at hand. Mr. Bakewell was an astute business man and grasped the possibilities. More than that, he had appreciation of beautiful things. Why not produce glass, then, in this new country just emerged from the wilderness? Records are few, but at hand is the information that, in 1808, a small glass plant in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was purchased by Benjamin Bakewell from the firm of Robinson and Ensell, unsuccessful operators. The factory was located at the foot of Grant Street on the bank of the Monongahela River.

Over those almost impassable mountains, then, came his wife and children, the loyal housekeeper, and the "bound boy," the long journey made in what must have been variety of the Conestoga wagon. After life in London—think of it, so to settle on the frontier. Pittsburgh had been a lonely outpost against a savage wilderness, a collection of rude log cabins surrounded by a stockade. In 1794 the little town had barely one hundred and fifty houses and, though by 1808 these had become frame or brick, even so, civilization was not too evident.

Difficulties abounded for the mother

of the family, not only in household supplies but in matter of watching the children with the fear of Indians not yet driven from her mind! There were difficulties for the man in charge of family and business. Construction of the factory was poor; each glass house must have specially built furnaces to receive the melting pots of fire clay, in which was placed the combined ingredients—the sand, the potash, oxide of lead, sometimes saltpeter, and so on—to be fused in the ovens; materials were poor and costly and had to be transported by long distance on wagons or

barges—pearl ash and red lead might come from Philadelphia, pot clay from New Jersey, white sand from Missouri; skilled workmen had to be brought in from considerable distance. The occasion was "piled with difficulty." For Benjamin Bakewell, it was to rise to the occasion.

Pittsburgh, however, grew with



Open blown glass compote (9 inches high) owned by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell Bakewell.



A pair of pressed glass compotes (14½ inches high), frosted ribbon bowl, base in Rebecca at the Well pattern. One is owned by Mrs. Douglas Stewart and one by Henry King Siebeneck. Also a covered sugar bowl pressed in Argus pattern now popularly known as Thumbprint. These are on display at the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. All the glass pictured with this article is Bakewell.

amazing speed. Not only were houses multiplied, but they, many of them, became mansions whose architects were rightly proud. Niceties of existence began to be evident. The little town could boast of a post office, a canal, a stagecoach route providing a mere four days' trip to Philadelphia. Trade and commerce began to flourish.

For the Bakewell glass house the difficulties were by degrees surmounted, by intelligence and persistence overcome, and the first successful flint-glass factory in this country became a reality. To the West Indies, Mexico, Bermuda, Buenos Aires, Lima, eventually were shipped crates filled with tons of glass—white, clear-metaled, beautiful. A reputation was made.

Though to modern ears it sounds a small affair, consider the time, the very early nineteenth century. A typical year was 1825—the year, by the way, when the Sandwich glass began its career. In the Bakewell factory were sixty-one hands, exclusive of designers and engravers, sixty-one workmen trained in and brought from England, Belgium,

and France. For these workmen was all consideration, the firm taking utmost interest in the men's welfare. With the living quarters nearby, the close association made for friendliness and high morale. Games and contests were staged, swimming, skating, and racing enjoyed. The sick or injured, widows and orphans were all cared for.

In this year \$45,000 worth of glass was sold and shipped. Apothecary sundries, bottles, tumblers, épergnes, decanters, perfume-holders, bureau knobs, and so on, had already gone down to Rio. Bakewell glass, furthermore, was on the shelves of the White House, President James Monroe in 1817 having ordered, in the words of the *Pittsburgh Mercury*, "a splendid equipage" of wine glasses, decanters, and tumblers of double flint; each bearing the engraved coat of arms of the United States. President Andrew Jackson, too, in 1832 ordered a set of Bakewell glass for his own use.

Business success, creation of forms of art, benevolence—here was a life worth living!

For nearly fifty years Bakewell's was a showplace in Pittsburgh, given loud acclaim from a never ending stream of visitors. Elias Pym Fordham in his *Personal Narrative of Travel* in 1817 wrote, "Mr. Bakewell's works are admirable. . . . His cut glass equals the best I have seen in England."

The following year Henry Bradshaw Fearon in his *Sketches of America*, published in London, wrote: "Witness such perfection on this side of the Atlantic; and especially in that part of America which a New Yorker supposes to be at the farther end of the world. . . . It is well to bear in mind that the demand for these articles of elegant luxury lies in the western states! the inhabitants of Eastern America being still importers from the Old Country."

In 1825 Bakewell glass won the silver medal of the Franklin Institute for the best specimen of cut glass, in a competition that included the whole country.

Mrs. Anne Royall, who visited *Pittsburgh in 1828* and published *Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, etc.*, in Washington the following year, exclaimed, "Bakewell's is the place! . . . This establishment is entirely devoted to the manufacture of white or flint glass, and has succeeded in producing the best specimens of this article ever made in the United States. . . . There is scarcely a stranger visits Pittsburgh who is not desirous of taking a peep at Bakewell's Glass House. . . . The quality, variety, beauty, and brilliance of the endless piles of glass at Bakewell's is the greatest show I ever saw."

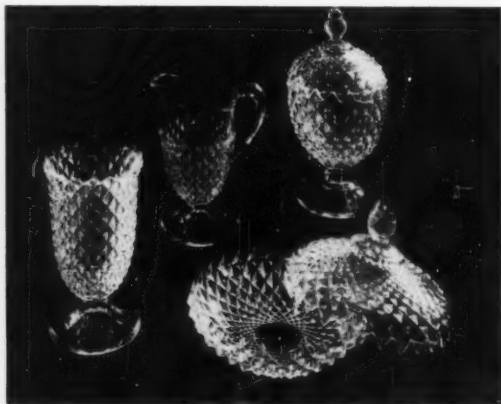
It is significant that Deming Jarves, thoroughly familiar with the flint-glass industry in the eastern states, and also proprietor of the Sandwich Glass Works, writes in *Reminiscences of Glass-Making* in 1865: "We may well consider Mr. Bake-

well as the father of the flint-glass business in this country; for he commenced the work in 1808, and by untiring efforts and industry brought it to a successful issue."

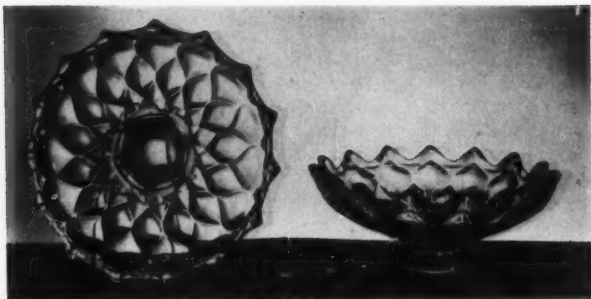
The pioneer position of Bakewell's in the history of American glass-making was later substantiated by Joseph D. Weeks' *Report on Glass* in the Census of 1880, an exhaustive study of the whole subject. This concludes, "There can be no doubt that Mr. Bakewell is entitled to the honor of erecting and operating the first successful flint-glass house in the United States."

Magazines and newspapers of the time tell the story of the Marquis de Lafayette's visit to Pittsburgh in 1825. It was a flower-strewn, flag-waving, drum-resounding occasion for the city, and an occasion for Bakewell's as well: workmen pulling the forelock, "making a leg," grinning, and bashful; the owners, pleased, and all of graciousness; the General and his escort proving most admiring guests.

At the glass house of Bakewell, Page and Bakewell, as it was then known, were presented to General Lafayette two cut-glass, double-flint vases, beautiful in quality and design. The letter of acknowledgment, written by the distinguished visitor himself, is, naturally,



Spoonholder, creamer, sugar bowl (8¼ inches), and butter dish, pressed in Sawtooth pattern, owned by the Donald Campbell Bakewells.



A pair of low open compote or sweetmeat dishes (7¾ inches wide), pressed in the Pitt pattern, also owned by the Donald Campbell Bakewells.

a treasure in the Bakewell family today:

Gentlemen:

The gratification I have felt at the sight of your beautiful manufacture is still enhanced by the friendly reception I have met from you and by the most acceptable present you are pleased to offer me. Accept my affectionate thanks, good wishes, and regards.

Lafayette

These vases, afterward owned by Lafayette's granddaughter, were lent by her to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

Benjamin Bakewell died in 1844. The glass firm continued under management of the two sons, Thomas and John Palmer, also a nephew, John Palmer Pears. Benjamin Bakewell and Benjamin Bakewell Campbell, both grandsons, and Benjamin Page Bakewell, grand-nephew, later joined the firm, and still later, more distant relatives, Thomas, Benjamin, and Harry Pears.

Through success and vicissitudes the factory wrought on. In the Great Fire of 1845 it was totally destroyed, with what loss one can guess. It was rebuilt immediately at the same location, however, and in 1854 moved to the South Side of Pittsburgh. Then, business changes—competitors, blatant advertising, the push and shove of modern methods. In 1881 the business dissolved.

There will always remain an element of the marvelous about glass, a substance resulting from fusion of a combination of silica with various bases. That such diverse constituents as

sand, lime, lead, even bone, iron filings, cobalt, can be fused into this beautiful, transparent, translucent thing we call glass awakens in us more than response to beauty. For here we are near such transformation of matter as urges our thought beyond confines of a factory.

But here, out from these long

years suddenly gleams a picture! Two little girls, breathless with excitement, prepare to spend a day at the Glass House, the very name bearing suggestion of a Crystal Abode of the Fairies. The drive thither in the surrey, guarded by the father, seen by the girls as a sort of King of the Glass House to whom all homage was given. The drive was full of incident—and why not—with more people, to and fro, than one supposed the world held; two great rivers to cross by soaring bridges, railroad tracks, vehicles of all sorts. The girls sat on hassocks on the floor, clutching sandwiches as security against pangs of hunger, restrained with difficulty from seeking sustenance immediately.

Then they were There! Well, to be sure, the factory, "the dark, satanic mills," a conglomerate of dingy buildings, tracks, smokestacks, dummy engines, slag and slack—this outside, and no evidence of Fairies. But within it was magnificent; the Factory came alive. Roaring ovens full of sound and fury; hoards of workmen busy and unconcerned; loaded trucks glittering with glass, empty trucks rolling up for more.

One man, an imported worker trained in Old World courtesy, spoke up: "Sir, would the young ladies be wishful to blow some glass?"

Well, would we! We stepped nearer those fires of hell, watchful. A thing like a pipe thrust into the molten mass,

twirled, brought forth with a red-hot lump at its tip, the other end presented to the girls. "Now blow," was the order.

Lips were set as told; lungs urged; the miracle was granted. Where had been a thing defiant, solid, burning, hurtful, now was emerging something other before our eyes.

"Keep turning, keep on blowing," the man ordered, but at that had to take over; form began to be, glass tried to come. He plunged this mass into a pail of water, hissing. A giant bubble shone upon startled eyes. Drawn forth, detached, put in small eager hands. This thing of sheer beauty, of a creating in which we had had a part, like nothing ever seen before—a rainbow,

quivering in shifting colors, a raindrop, the sunset, and in our hands! The lovely thing lifted as high as our hearts and there treasured.

When the great poet whose work we call the Revelation of John wished to depict the glory and splendor of the Heavenly City, he saw the Victorious "grouped around a sea of glass mingled with fire"; the street of that City "was pure gold, like glass"; and the radiance of color, which glass can show, was suggested in the City's precious stones—emerald, jacinth, amethyst, pearl. . . .

And perhaps something of all this lay in the thought of that early manufacturer who loved beauty and dealt justly, and walked honorably before God and men.

❖ ❖ TREASURE CHEST ❖ ❖

Carnegie Institute has in its collection of contemporary bronzes a portrait bust of a great American artist by a great American sculptor. It is the head of Frank Duveneck (1848-1919) by Charles Grafty (1862-1929).

It is very appropriate that Duveneck should have been modeled by Grafty because Duveneck, a distinguished painter, demonstrated his own ability as a sculptor by his seated Ralph Waldo Emerson and, more particularly, by modeling the reclining figure of his beloved wife which forms her tomb in the Campo Santo degli Allori at Florence, where she died in 1888, two years after their marriage.

Charles Grafty early in his career began to do a series of the heads of fellow artists. Among them were Thomas P. Anshutz, William M. Paxton, Edward W. Redfield, W. Elmer Schofield, Joseph De Camp, Hugh H. Breckenridge, George Harding, Childe Hassam, and Paul Bartlett. Of this series of heads, Adeline Adams writes in *The Spirit of American Sculpture*: "Among the greatest virile portraits of our age are those of the 'all-round' American sculptor, Charles Grafty; for style and workmanship and seizing of character any half-dozen of his busts would proudly hold their own if placed beside Rodin's male portraits in the Metropolitan Museum. Furthermore, they have the old-fashioned advantage of looking like the persons they represent, an advantage not always attained in the Rodin portrayals. Perhaps a fairer tribute to Mr. Grafty's power would be to say that his busts

need not fear comparison with the Saint-Gaudens *Sherman*, that most spirited portrait of a war-chief."

The head of Duveneck was modeled from life in the sculptor's studio at Folly Cove, Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Duveneck and his sister were there for several weeks during the summer of 1915. Charles Grafty had a dual reason for choosing Duveneck as a subject. In the first place he was one of the country's leading painters, and in the second place the sculptor was fascinated by his big blond head form. At that time Charles Grafty was particularly interested in what he termed "color in sculpture," which means developing by means of form the conviction of blond or brunet. It is said that he always used the Duveneck head in lecturing to classes as an example of "blond sculpture." At this point it should be told that at the time of his death in 1929 Charles Grafty was serving his thirty-seventh year as head of the sculpture department of The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and his twelfth in a similar capacity at the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The Duveneck was purchased by the Carnegie Institute from the sculptor in 1917, and in so doing the Institute honored Charles Grafty and his subject during their lifetime, a tribute that is all too rare to artists during their days on earth. Frank Duveneck is represented in the permanent collection of paintings at Carnegie Institute by *Wistful Girl*, acquired through the Patrons Art Fund in 1928.

—J. O'C., Jr.

A GIFT OF FLOWER PAINTINGS

By O. E. JENNINGS

Director, Carnegie Museum

DR. ANDREY AVINOFF has presented to the Carnegie Museum his water-color paintings of flowers of western Pennsylvania. These have been made to illustrate a work on the flowering plants of the upper Ohio basin within a radius of about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh. There are 287 plates, 9 x 12 inches, illustrating altogether 343 species.

The paintings show the plants natural size in exact color and accurate detail and in many cases include also enlargements of the flowers or of certain flower organs to show unique or diagnostic characteristics. Finer but important details such as pubescence and venation are accurately shown. Illustrations of many of the species have apparently never been published in color. The plates were on exhibit at the Buhl Planetarium in January and February of last year.

Dr. Avinoff said that in depicting these plants he maintained as his guiding principles: 1. Accuracy in form and color; 2. Portrayal of the individuality of the plant as to the character, position, arrangement, and venation of the leaves and texture of their surfaces; 3. Decorative arrangement, composition, spacing, and so forth; 4. Strictly water-color technique—only transparent pigment; no use of opaque colors; no white used anywhere; not a single stroke in the highlights. All light parts are lighter washes of the pigments. "Thoroughbred aquarelle" has been preserved throughout. The colors used were Schmincke, regarded as the brightest and also sufficiently fast. With no other colors could such pinks and purples be obtained.

The territory covered in this work includes portions of at least five distinct floral regions. There are the floras

of the general Allegheny Plateau covering much of western Pennsylvania; the mountains to the southeast; the so-called "Prairie Peninsula" extending into our region from the southwest; the ancient lake plains along Lake Erie; the flora of the southern Appalachian region extending north into our territory in the vicinity of Ohiopyle; and there is also, in our cool northern swamps and bogs and in the higher mountain glades, the relicts of the flora which moved northward at the close of the Glacial Period.

Some of the plants shown in Dr. Avinoff's plates are very rare and one species has probably since become extinct from our region. Since the flowers had to be illustrated when fresh, and many of the plants are in bloom for only a few days, the task of securing them meant knowing when to go and where, sometimes to places more than one hundred miles distant. Often, owing to variations in the seasons, more than one trip was necessary to find the flowers in good condition. This work was done during 1941 and 1942, and it is roughly estimated that to secure them in good condition Mrs. Jennings and I traveled not less than six thousand miles. Frequently, upon our return from a long trip, Dr. Avinoff began immediately, while the flowers were in perfectly fresh condition, and would work for long hours, far into the night, using neon and daylight lamps. Some of the plates required seven hours or more to complete, and the total time involved in painting the 287 plates was about sixteen hundred hours.

There are more than two thousand species of flowering plants in the region covered by this work. Of the more technical groups such as grasses and sedges, with small flowers and often

differing only in inconspicuous characters, only a few species were chosen for illustration. The attempt was made to include paintings of such plants as are more or less peculiar to or characteristic of the region and also rare plants or those not known to have been illustrated in color.

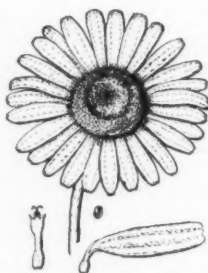
For purposes of completeness, paintings were made of all local species of some of our characteristic genera. For instance, all six species of *Trillium*, thirteen goldenrods, and twenty-one kinds of asters were included. Altogether the 343 species depicted in Dr. Avinoff's water colors constitute a good representative selection of the large and interesting flora of the upper Ohio basin.

There is no publication relating particularly to the flora of the upper Ohio basin centering around the Pittsburgh region, and at the present time the two comprehensive works—Gray's *Manual* and Britton and Brown's *Flora*—covering the northeastern part of the United States are much out of date, the last editions having been published respectively in 1908 and 1913. Many changes and additions have since been made necessary. Details as to the nature and extent of the ranges of various species are necessary for an understanding of the elements of the flora of a diversified region such as ours. Inasmuch as such works cannot give these details, the projected *Flora of the Upper Ohio Basin* will be important as a record of the known distribution of the flowering plants in the region covered. It will also constitute an important contribution to the plant geography of the country as a whole.

FISH EXHIBITS

SMALL pond fish—bass, sunfish, catfish, walleyed pike, sucker, and perch—are being mounted by Harold J. Clement for new loan cases to be used in schools and other study groups. A sunfish nest will be shown in one of the exhibits.

OUT OF DOORS



REMINISCENT of rippling water and refreshing coolness, of rocky ravines and wooded banks of mountain streams, the rhododendron has a favorite place as a July flower.

On the other hand, reveling in the heat of the July sun in vacant lots and upland pastures, the oxeye daisy (illustrated) graces the child's bouquet and forms a waving sea of white over idle hilltop fields. The young rosette of pinnately toothed leaves is unceremoniously dug out of the city lawn and to the farmer may be a pest, but were it not for weedy immigrants from across the sea—such as the oxeye daisy, the wild carrot, the sky-blue chicory, the tawny hawkweed, the sweet clovers, the yarrow, and the velvety mullein—our vacant lots and untended fields and roadsides would be colorless indeed.

Also chrysanthemums, as is the oxeye daisy, but in greater favor, are the Shasta daisy, originally from the Pyrenees; the florists' *Marguerite*, from the Canaries; and the flower-show "mums," from China.

An oxeye daisy is a co-operative society. It consists of a compact head of about two hundred tubular flowers, of which the outer twenty-five or thirty are larger, their tubes being split and opened out flat, forming altogether a white corolla-like border around the central disk of minute, spirally arranged yellow flowers. These outer ray flowers constitute the advertising department, while in the production department the inconspicuous yellow disk flowers devote all their energies to the formation of one good seed each. Like the dogwood, the daisy is a mimic, attracting the insect by imitating a single flower.

—O. E. J.

PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES, 1947

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE is on the last lap of plans for the exhibition, *Painting in the United States, 1947*, which will open on Founder's Day, Thursday, October 9, and will continue through December 7.

When the annual International Exhibition was suspended in 1939, the Institute inaugurated a series of American shows. In 1940 it presented a *Survey of American Painting*; in 1941, *Directions in American Painting*; and then followed *Painting in the United States 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946* and now, coming up, 1947. Art like charity should begin at home, and in the last six years Pittsburghers have come to know American artists.

There will be approximately three hundred invited paintings in the exhibition by three hundred artists. Once again the attempt will be made to present a fair cross section of the various trends in current painting in the United States and to represent schools, directions, or approaches to painting in some such proportion as they have achieved recognition in the art world. It is needless to say that subject will not be the criterion by which the paintings will be selected. Apart from the desire to represent schools and trends, the emphasis will be on design, color, painting quality, and inventiveness, and the latter element will account for the increasing number of pictures imaginative in mood. Painting is still the thing—or as Eric Gill put it, "You may use a painting for a good or bad purpose, but to be good painting it must be done according to the nature of paint." *Painting in the United States, 1947* will be the news of what is going on by way of painting in this country; it will be for the observer to write the editorial. The exhibition should be judged only as to whether or not it has furnished sufficient material and accurate news for the editorial to be written.

There will be a Jury of three distinguished artists to distribute \$3,200 in prizes. Carnegie prizes are always news and manage to stir up no little excitement, and at the same time they are the most sought-after prizes in the art world. Then, during the exhibition, there will be a Popular Prize which will give the man on the street, or the little fellow, or the so-called common man the opportunity to express his views on what is art.

The director of Fine Arts, Homer Saint-Gaudens, has almost completed the selection of paintings. In the winter months he spent six or seven weeks in visiting the studios and homes of artists, in seeing other national exhibitions, and in visiting art galleries and collections in search of talent for the show. He is now on his way to his annual visit to the Saint-Gaudens Memorial, and en route he will call on artists and halt at art colonies with a view of completing the selection. Then the only thing left to do is to gather in the paintings in September for the meeting of the Jury of Award which will take place in Pittsburgh on September 19.

There will be a series of Tuesday evening talks on the exhibition, and schools, clubs, civic organizations, and other groups may arrange now for guidance through the show. All this is done so that as many people as possible may have the opportunity to see the exhibition, which is the most important of the national shows. The galleries will be open in the evenings until ten o'clock.

—J. O'C., Jr.

AT LAWRENCEVILLE

THE librarians at the Lawrenceville branch, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, are telling stories and exhibiting books at the Arsenal Park recreation center this summer.

MUSEUM WORK AFIELD

VACATIONING generally comes with summer, but for the Museum curators this is the time for their most active work out in the field.

Dr. Arthur C. Twomey has been in Idaho since late May and will be working there until early October. He is accompanied by Mr. T. A. Mellon, who sponsors the expedition, and by his new field and laboratory assistant, Rollic Hawkins. Mr. Hawkins comes to the Carnegie Museum from the National Museum in Ottawa, Canada, where he was assistant to the chief preparator. Through Mr. Mellon's generosity the Section expects to fill a gap in its collection of birds of the western United States and Canada, the area stretching from Sonora, across the Mexican border, through to the Arctic region beyond the Mackenzie delta. The state of Idaho is not very well known ornithologically, and Dr. Twomey expects to find a surprise or two in his work; at least, the collecting of birds from this section will provide very important and interesting specimens.

Dr. J. LeRoy Kay is carrying on geological investigations in northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado that will run well into the autumn.

M. Graham Netting has had a varied program. The middle of last month he was guest lecturer and field-trip leader at Camp Caesar in Webster County, West Virginia, and early in July did similar work at Oglebay Nature Training School at Terra Alta, West Virginia. The week beginning June 22 he had a "postman's holiday" vacationing with his family and the Hal Harrisons at Conneaut Lake, hunting snakes around the Pymatuning district. Mr. Harrison, who has recently resigned from his position as nature columnist on the *Valley Daily News* at Tarentum to devote his time to bird photography and lecturing, is now completing a popular book on birds.

From July 13-19, Mr. Netting was the only out-of-state member of the staff of the West Virginia Conservation Training School at Jackson's Mill. The week of July 21 he will travel in Pennsylvania with United States Soil Conservation Service specialists inspecting farm fish ponds, devoting his attention to the potential value of these ponds as frog-rearing pools.

Reinhold L. Fricke, of the Museum Section of Education, also spent a week at the Harrison cottage in June. Through the summer he will visit a number of camps in this section, among them Heinz House and the Duquesne Boy Scouts at Laurel Ridge, taking the young campers and councilors on nature hikes.

The work in the San Juan basin of Utah headed by David W. Rial, fellow in archeology and ethnology, is being carried on for the third summer. Accompanying the party this year will be Marie Wormington, of the Denver Museum, author of *Ancient Man in North America*, a pamphlet published by the Colorado Museum of Natural History. Dr. Earl Morris, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., an authority on ancient American peoples, may spend part of August with the party in Desolation Canyon on the Green River, Utah. Some ruins of this region have never been visited because of their inaccessibility. Sponsors of the expedition are C. E. Cowan, Edward Crump, Jr., and Charles B. Shaler.

J. Kenneth Doult is working in the field on the State Mammal Survey.

Dr. E. R. Eller has received a grant from the National Academy of Science for three months' work this summer on the Potter Farm formation and related Devonian beds in Canada, Michigan, and New York. He is studying microfauna to correlate surface outcrops with well samples for exploration in oil and gas. This work will continue until fall.

GI INTO STUDENT

BY ELLENOR TALLMADGE

Department of Public Relations, Carnegie Institute of Technology

THE war years brought about dislocations on the Carnegie Tech campus and in the student body, some of which are still in the process of being corrected. The final summer trimester, for instance, is now in session, and the two-semester calendar of prewar years comes back into effect in the fall. The student body is much larger than normal, numbering 3,900 last year against approximately 2,400 in 1939-40. It may be some time before the campus returns to prewar routine, but it is not too soon to observe the success with which former servicemen have adapted themselves at Carnegie to college life and work.

During the war, as Carnegie students left to join the service, it was assumed that all who could would return to their Alma Mater to complete their education. This assumption was the basis for the remission of fees and every other policy relating to students who had to withdraw for military service. Because they were receiving training that would add to their usefulness as members of the armed forces, Carnegie students were often deferred; therefore, after the war many of them were later in returning to the campus than at liberal arts institutions where such training was not given. For this reason the administration made every effort to reserve places for all Carnegie students who had work to complete and could be expected to return.

This policy has been handsomely justified according to Dr. William R. Work, head of the Veterans Center, who estimates that by September of this year more than 90 per cent of the Carnegie students whose education was interrupted by service with the armed forces will have returned to complete their college work. Less than thirty

such students will return from the service this fall, indicating that practically all former students have returned who will do so.

Former servicemen now constitute approximately 80 per cent of the male student population at Carnegie. In addition to entering freshmen and students previously enrolled, Carnegie has admitted a group of transfer students and graduates of other colleges with advanced standing who are likewise enrolled under the GI Bill of Rights. These veterans, therefore, consciously or unconsciously, determine the nature of the student body in general, and it is interesting to observe how they have succeeded in making the adjustment from military to civilian life. The problems of the married veterans and those who have been disabled are familiar to all, and Carnegie Tech knows them well, but an examination shows that as a student the veteran is making good use of the opportunities afforded him on this campus.

At the May commencement twenty-six veterans graduated with honor, having maintained a B-plus average throughout their course at Carnegie. One of them, whose education was interrupted by twenty months in the service, was able to complete the requirements for the degree in seven semesters and graduate while still more than a month short of his twenty-first birthday.

The honor roll for the spring semester listed 483 names, an astounding number even considering the greatly expanded student body. This is in part explained by the number of applications for admission which made necessary greater selectivity of students enrolled, but the number of veterans included on the honor roll makes it evident that their

maturity and seriousness of purpose is a contributing factor in the improvement in the quality of student work.

Other highly coveted campus honors have gone to veterans during the past year. The first Dial Press Award for creative writing was received by a twenty-six-year-old veteran, whose musical compositions had also received public acclaim. A former Air Force sergeant was unanimously selected for the Pittsburgh Drama League Award for his outstanding performance in the exacting title role of *King Lear*. Theta Tau, professional engineering fraternity, selected another veteran as "Most Promising Senior Engineer." On the lighter side, in a spirited election, the girls chose as "King of Hearts" a former Air Force major enrolled in mechanical engineering.

Former servicemen have also entered into student activities. A nucleus of half a dozen veterans, former members of the Scotch and Soda Club, staged *Rock 'n' Riot*, a musical comedy, in Carnegie Music Hall. Nearly two hundred students, many of them veterans, co-operated in this enterprise. A group of management-engineering students, largely GIs, organized and installed a student chapter of the Society for the Advancement of Management. Reactivation of most of the prewar campus activities and honorary societies was accomplished by the co-operation of veterans and others. The GIs have taken part in athletics on varsity and intramural teams. They inaugurated the publication of *Cano*, a literary magazine, and have been the principal contributors to it, writing stories based on war experiences, essays, and poetry. One of these "poets," an artist who exhibited some of the art work he had done in the service, distributed copies of his verses relating to the pictures at an exhibition in the Arts and Crafts Center. A play by a student-veteran was produced in the Carnegie Theatre. Other veterans participated in forum discussions of current topics over the radio. The reactivated Men's Glee Club,

with a veteran as manager, carried through a successful year, culminating in a joint concert with the Girls' Glee Club in Carnegie Music Hall attended by more than six hundred paying customers.

Veterans already on the campus are thus seen to be well assimilated. Those now enrolling are nearer normal college age, and fewer of them are married. According to Dr. Work, three out of four veterans now applying for admission entered military service after VE or VJ Day and have not accrued enough benefits to complete the four-year college course under the GI Bill. Dr. Work is also authority for the statement that at Carnegie veterans have withdrawn for scholastic, health, or financial reasons in considerably smaller numbers than civilian students withdrew in prewar years, and that disciplinary action involving veterans is a rarity.

PLAY CAMP

TWENTY boys and girls are already enrolled for summer work and play at the Museum under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brazelton. The 11-to-16-year-olds come from 10:00 A.M. to noon, each Monday through Friday, and the 6-to-10-year-olds from 1:00 to 3:00 o'clock five afternoons each week. The program will continue through July and August.

The children spend the greater part of the time out of doors, taking nature field trips to collect specimens. In stormy weather they receive instruction in identifying their specimens and in mounting them. The subject matter is chosen to fit the interest of the groups, but in general follows along the line of leaves, then insects, then birds, and their interrelationship.

The summer program is under the Museum's Section of Education, directed by Jane A. White. Boys and girls may join the group at any time during the two months, without charge.

A VISIT (?) TO THE LENIN LIBRARY

BY ANDREW BERNHARD

Editor, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Reprint of a telegram from Moscow



EVER since the *Moscow News*, English language newspaper here, mentioned the Lenin library has 11,000,000 volumes in its collection, I have been curious about it—a curiosity whetted by the massive size

of the imposing building. Well, it may have 11,000,000 volumes but you will never prove it by me. My attempt to visit and tell readers of the *Post-Gazette* about it came to nothing. Here is how:

I stopped at the door to puzzle out, if possible, a sign which undoubtedly gave information about hours that the place was open and so on. A helpful Russian officer speaking English happened along and, learning I wished to look at the place, volunteered to help me get in. I naively had assumed that anyone could walk into a library anywhere. He entered into colloquy with a stern woman at the door who explained through him to me that entrance could be obtained only by another door.

He led me around the building to a side street and we walked along in slush till we were some distance past the rear of the library and stopped at a little gate in a fence guarded by a woman. She shook her head, frowned, and told him it could not be done. He persisted and I caught the words "American correspondent." Finally she shrugged and reached for a telephone. From her expression it was easy to gather that she met opposition at the other end, whereupon she took over the task of getting

me into the place and argued with Slavic intensity. Again I caught the words "American correspondent."

Presently there appeared from somewhere a young officer of police wearing an air of extreme skepticism. There was a three-way conversation among him, the woman, and my first acquaintance.

I explained that after all it was just curiosity on my part to see the inside of this great building which had so impressed me and about which I had heard great things, but maybe it would be better to call the matter off. Whereupon the new and hitherto skeptical officer took over. He was all smiles and cordiality now.

Pleasant farewells were exchanged between me and the first officer, and the woman and my new officer led me through the gate and into a subterranean passage. It was brightly lighted by electric bulbs and seemed to extend for blocks. As my new acquaintance spoke only Russian and my Russian is limited to a fistful of knowledge of the first ten cardinal numbers and word for "if you please," our conversation during the tour was limited.

I did manage to remember "bolshoi," the word for large, and let him have that one as I waved an arm to encompass the tunnel. He agreed, nodding sagely and saying "da da." That ended our little chat but at the same time we went up the stairway to the first-floor level and the very place where I first

This article was one of a series sent by Mr. Bernhard to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* this spring while covering the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow. It appeared on April 2. Mr. Bernhard was the only local newspaperman among the thirty-six correspondents accredited from the United States to the conference.

had been turned outside. He explained my wishes to the stern woman at the door.

It was clear from her expression that she still disapproved, but she finally agreed to consult a higher authority by telephone. My guide, who by now had made me his pet project for the day, indicated that all would be well. A lot he knew.

The woman on the telephone obviously was getting opposition, whereupon her expression changed as other expressions had been changing, and she looked benevolently at me while she went into a tirade by phone.

Presently she held the instrument out to me. I said, "Allo," which seems to be acceptable in a telephone greeting here. In reply I got a torrent of Russian. I explained it was useless, giving my language shortcoming.

Whereupon the man at the other end asked in English what did I wish, and I explained all over. His voice was cold, so I again suggested we forget the matter. He said wait a minute and then I heard him refer the question to the next higher level.

That level was cold, too, and my telephone friend then leaped to my side and argued my case. He was good, too, for I could tell he was ringing every change of expression and emotion.

I am sure he was recalling Russia's great past and glorious future and that here was opportunity to show the world what a great repository of Soviet culture was the library. I think I even detected a hint or two of pathos in his voice. Then I broke in to repeat my offer to withdraw, but he would not hear of it and returned to attack.

But it was no use. We had all gone as far as we could, but the machinery would take me not another step. I thanked him and turned away. My officer friend and my woman-at-gate friend looked up eagerly. Their faces fell and they expressed what I am sure was regret and sorrow when I shook my head and said the answer was "niet." I walked out into the sunshine

with the last words of my telephone pleader still in my ears.

"It is suggested," he had told me in his precise English, "that if you want to learn about the library, you read a book about it that has been published. I am sorry."

BOOK EXCHANGE

THE watchword of the Treasure Chest Book Committee, "United through Books," is more than a slogan to Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, for two Treasure Chests full of books for children have been sent to Korea by the staff members of the Library system. This project came about as a result of Jane McClure's visit to the United States a few months ago.

Miss McClure, former staff member of Carnegie Library, is now in charge of Army Service Libraries in the Pacific Area. She spoke before the Staff Association when she was here, telling of her varied experiences and the desire the Koreans have for books, particularly the children. Since the United States Army provides books exclusively for American soldiers and their families, Miss McClure expressed the hope that the Treasure Chest campaign might prove a means of sending more books to Korea for the Koreans.

Treasure Chests are collections of books sent to children of countries deprived of books through the ravages of war. The aim is to help create a better understanding between children of the world through shared reading.

Madame Ninon Tallon first thought of the chests when she came to America in 1941 and helped to establish the Women's Council for Postwar Europe. She is the niece of the famous French statesman, Eduard Herriot, whose support helped to make possible after World War I the free libraries for children and adults staffed by the American Committee for Devastated France. In organizing her Treasure Chest campaign, Madame Tallon called on editors of children's books and children's li-

brarians, among them Virginia Chase, head of the Boys and Girls Department at Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

The books for the Korean children were selected by Miss Chase and a staff committee with a thought for universal appeal as well as giving a true picture of the United States. Even though written in English, they tell a meaningful story through the excellent illustrations. Besides, Miss McClure had explained that most Koreans know some English, and the children are learning it in school.

Included in the two Treasure Chests were *The Tall Book of Mother Goose*, Fall's *A B C Book*, and Wanda Gag's *Tales from Grimm*, a delight to boys and girls the world over. Of course everyone likes a dog, so Margorie Flack's *Angus and the Ducks* was selected; Peggy

and Peter (*What They Did Today*) and *Little Town* were chosen because they typify American family life, and *Restless Robin* because it would serve as a palatable American geography lesson.

The Treasure Chests sent to Korea have evoked an exchange from the Orient to America as well. At present the Central Boys and Girls Room has an exhibit Miss McClure sent consisting of toys and some books. There are Japanese paper lanterns and a large fish kite, dolls, a few folk toys symbolic of various cults and historical legends, and picture cards each bearing parallel Japanese and English captions. To these the Boys and Girls Department has added five exquisitely illustrated Japanese storybooks translated by Lafcadio Hearn and printed on rice paper.

—M. A. D.

REAL ART AND PRESENT-DAY ART

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

An address given at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on May 21 during the ceremonies held in connection with the awarding of the William Emlen Cresson Memorial Foreign Traveling Scholarships and other school prizes. Alfred G. B. Steel, president of the Academy, presided.



I WAS pleased to receive a letter from your president asking me to talk here, for I was brought up with an early feeling for the Academy. Back around 1904, my first wife, as a girl, studied here. She came, as you

have come, to learn about art in an organization that has a great tradition. Sully was president here. Bingham studied here. Eakins taught here. Later on came Henri and Glackens. Today you have graduates like Biddle and Watkins, who teaches here.

Today's title is "Real Art and Present-Day Art." I thought it was your

president, Mr. Steel's idea. He says it is mine. But any way you look at it, to me the term "real art" is redundant.

There is no such thing as unreal art. All through the ages man's attempts at visual esthetics have resulted in ninety-nine per cent emotional babble and one per cent art. For example, back in 1940 when we of Carnegie Institute were assembling canvases for our retrospective exhibition of American painting, we received a tremendous amount of help from the Pennsylvania Academy. Yet in the process of extracting what was art, your director, Mr. Fraser, and I pawed over many canvases which, since this building was erected in 1876, have sunk into dusty desuetude.

I take it that the greater number of you hope to become artists. That hope is a fine hope. Such was the hope of the army of a leader who told his men that

in the knapsack of every soldier is the baton of a marshal. Only a few will succeed. But the rest should not feel discouraged.

My father understood something of your problem over forty years ago when he helped to place on a firm foundation the American Academy in Rome, a school I trust some of you will reach. He wrote:

"I am not one of those who believe that only the few who possess marked talent should attempt to be artists, although I do think that there are but a small number in the world who are gifted and who possess that indefinable quality, that elusive something, which makes the great artist. In art, as in everything else, only the fittest survive. But in our civilization a certain portion of the population will go into the fine arts willy-nilly, sooner or later to drop out to what the law of the survival of the fittest brings. However, this great band have their work to perform; their love of the beautiful contributes to happiness and tends to a wider enjoyment of life in the revealing of beauty where otherwise it would have been ignored."

For the next step my father would have been the first to draw a distinction between amateurs and professionals. Amateurs are accountable to themselves alone. Professionals work for a public and for money.

For those of you who find yourselves consigned to an amateur status, I suggest that you do not commit suicide like the Irishman who shot himself because he was slightly annoyed. This land needs the help of us amateurs to widen the esthetic base of our social order. The movies provide anodyne for an hour or two of leisure. I will agree to golf. Others have a passion for bridge. Peanuts for the animals in the zoo help. But none of these avocations has to do with the emotions. That should be our concern.

Moreover we amateurs have a source of satisfaction denied the professional; which is that no harm exists in self-

expression since we expect no returns by way of fame or money. In Cornish, New Hampshire, where I spend my summers, lived Winston Churchill, in his day an eminent professional novelist. Eventually Churchill gave up writing and became an amateur painter. We could see him out in the mowing under his wide straw hat sketching my bull. He never showed me the answer, nor did I bother him by asking for it. As long as Churchill was a professional writer, he was a fine writer, maintained by the stabilizing counterweight of public opinion. When he became an amateur painter, he became a weak painter.

The starry-eyed may deny my argument, refer to Ryder, and gurggle that the professional artist, too, can be sufficient unto himself alone. The odds are against it. Do you remember the poem:

The Artist and his Luckless Wife
They lead a horrid haunted life,
Surrounded by the things he's made
That are not wanted by the trade.

The world is very fair to see;
The Artist will not let it be;
He fiddles with the works of God,
And makes them look uncommon odd.

The Artist is an awful man,
He does not do the things he can;
He does the things he cannot do,
And we attend the private view.

So make up your minds that, if you are lucky enough to have the inspiration, the technique, and the persistence to become a professional, you will face the same reason for your work that exists for a musician or a writer, which is to give an emotional stimulus to a public.

Moreover at this point you will needs choose your public; and the quality of your public in turn will determine your standing in art. You may select a wide and popular public, or a discerning and educated public, or the lunatic fringe of the intellectual proletariat rushing for the freshly painted band wagon. My personal public would be composed of those who hear Sibelius'

Finlandia and Puccini's *La Bohème*, who attend the revival by Gielgud of *The Importance of Being Ernest*, who read Marquand's *The Late George Apley*, or who see it in the movies.

Having chosen your public, you must next solve the problem of the best way to bind your paintbrushes into your professional baton.

Perhaps on a day not long ago the shade of Sully stopped in your class to look over your shoulder. Perhaps looking over your other shoulder was the shade of Eakins. Both were artists. So were Henri and Glackens. So are Biddle and Watkins. I do not suggest that your attitude toward art resemble that of any one of these, but that your results be worthy of their respect.

Nowadays divergent human desires in esthetics, or politics, or economics progress side by side without too much friction despite the fact that some may be reactionary and others radical. Certain paintings please a portion of our population because they reflect an inherited tradition. Other paintings record conventions. Others are not interested in conventions. Any way you turn in this maze you will face a difficult profession because the organization of art demands emotional inspiration, intellectual analysis, tools, and craftsmanlike skill.

Especially picture-painting requires so little by way of cash investment that unfortunately there are few financially competitive rigors. Therefore beware lest you turn only a lackadaisical crank from eleven in the morning, if you get up by then, till an early lunch if you feel you have the inspiration. For if you do, you will lapse into that spewing company of would-be artists who sprout languidly like mushrooms in the spring, mushrooms that pall even when they do not poison.

My grandmother once told me the story of the Boston Frog and the Chicago Frog. They both fell in a pail of cream. The Boston Frog threw up his hands and cried, "Help or I perish," and straightway drowned. The Chicago

Frog kept kicking, kicking, kicking. In the morning they found him floating on a pat of butter.

So struggle. Struggle distills and refines emotional results as struggle refines the material results of steel. I look back on my father, as a boy, the son of a French shoemaker, delivering parcels. He wanted to be an artist, and he struggled. He found a job cutting cameos. He studied nights at Cooper Union in New York. He packed his lathe on his back and went to Paris when Paris was the mecca for young students.

Now as to your needs in this struggle. Before everything else you must have imagination—ideas. In the year of our Lord 1947 critics tell you that you can never step twice in the same stream. Picture-dealers hang new forms of painting on old-fashioned walls just as milliners place new styles of girls' hats on old ladies' heads. Latter-day art has become like a bird in a tree that does not know where to fly next. If you are careless about putting salt on its undecided tail, that bird will peck you good and hard. So beware being patted on the back by one of that curbstone club whose members buttonhole the man in the street to say, "Here is a wonderful idea."

Whereat Mr. Public replies, "Idea to you? To me it is hoocy!"

Frequently Mr. Public is right. Often when I watch these succeeding waves of new ideas, I agree with that eternal French dumbbell Mr. Prudhomme, who once on looking over the North Sea said that such a quantity of water was almost ridiculous.

Certainly forms, or let us call them ideas, evolve. But if someone tries to beat up the public with too new forms, he gets no further than a cook who would feed snails to Philadelphians, and my New York friends tell me that snails are not popular here because you cannot catch them.

Form grows from the esthetic culture of our social order. When an artist attempts to mold form, he becomes an

advisor in a sense, but not a leader.

There is a French story of the well-cured former inmate of an insane asylum who in a burst of gratitude gave his old home a swimming pool and soon after it was installed came back to check on results.

"How about it?" the graduate asked a friend not yet let out.

"Swell. They are diving into it. Yesterday a man dove in from the seventh story."

"I am glad they enjoy it," said the donor.

"They will enjoy it a lot more when they fill it with water," answered his friend.

Remember that yarn. For you will find that the water in the esthetic pool is known as taste and that it is the public that controls taste and supplies the money to fill the pool for artists to swim in.

Now as to the tools with which you present these ideas. Respect these tools. Just as Paderewski respected the piano, so painters should look upon canvases, stretchers, and brushes.

One of the greatest of artists, Leonardo da Vinci, wrote about tools. He pleaded for ultramarine made from genuine lapis lazuli rather than azurite, its nearest rival. While your tools are somewhat different from da Vinci's tools, you, like him, must decide whether you are working for today or tomorrow. If you are working for today, it makes no difference how you mess around. If you are working for tomorrow, you, too, must learn of the chemistry of your paints, the sizing of your canvases, the quality of your varnishes, and all the other troublesome mechanics of your craft.

Trusting your imagination, having confidence in your tools, remember that the British-South African imperialist Cecil Rhodes once remarked that it was no good having great ideas unless you had the cash to carry them out. Your cash is called technique or craftsmanship.

Your art divides itself into two parts.

One part concerns the matter, the idea. The other part concerns the manner, the craftsmanship by which that idea is expressed. In some arts this division is obvious. The functions of the creative artist and the interpretive artist are separate. Take music. Beethoven was a creative artist. Toscanini is an interpretive artist. In other arts the creative and interpretive functions are mixed. Take literature. The reading public relishes both what you have to say and how you say it.

Your art falls in this latter category. As an art director in Pittsburgh I have learned that the type of public I admire most considers that primarily a painting should decorate a space on a wall in a manner that depicts a portion of the visual aspect of life in an emotionally satisfying form. This satisfaction, the public believes, results from the charm or force of the idea combined with the manner of the expression of that idea, the way it is done, that is to say, the technique.

There is nothing new in this insistence. Outside the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris is a bust of Ingres. Underneath that bust is a quotation from him which says, "Le dessin est la probité de l'art." In other words, drawing is the truth, the strength, the foundation of art. Facility of draftsmanship is partially inborn and partially the result of practice. You cannot be a good golf-player unless you have it in you; and even if you have it in you, you cannot be a good golfer unless you keep swinging your clubs. Sargent was one of the best draftsmen that this land has produced. I knew him a little. When not on parade he was forever sketching, on envelopes, on catalogues, or whatever lay nearby. Continue to draw, then. Exercising your fingers will not interfere with your imaginative growth. If your technique swamps your ideas, you are no good anyhow.

Finally with your ideas, your tools, and your technique responding, you must choose your branch of art. Do not worry about the bogey of esthetic

integrity. There cannot rightly exist invidious distinctions between Fine Art and what are felt by the high-hat wearers to be the lesser commercial breeds.

As a professional, paid for your output, all your work is commercial. A bad landscape or still life is not art. But there can be art in a poster demonstrating the delight a picture-hatted young lady takes in drinking the latest brew of beer. We in Pittsburgh have just had an exhibition of the commercial painter, Toulouse-Lautrec. When I was a boy, he plastered posters on every kiosk on the Paris boulevards calling attention to dance halls of low repute. He was paid for it. It was art.

Do not shy away from illustration. Think of Daumier or Forain. I remember Howard Pyle years ago at a dinner of the Society of American Architects, insisting that, as Giotto in Padua in an age of religious fervor made art by illustrating the story of the Final Judgment, he, Pyle, saw no reason why he should not attempt to make art by illustrating children's fairy tales.

Do not look askance at portraiture. Velasquez or Rembrandt were not afraid to turn an honest penny in that line of effort. Moreover, if you paint a portrait, do not attack it with the feeling that the likeness is inconsequential. Goya might have suggested that the highest form of the art of portraiture is reached when a painter of esthetic taste and technical skill sets down the most characteristic and sympathetic physical aspects of his sitter.

You can even paint non-objectively if you are good enough. It is your most difficult form. Last year we had an exhibition in Pittsburgh of the work of Wassily Kandinsky. He did not paint successful non-objective pictures at the outset because it was easy. He painted them late in life when he had developed a mature skill. As a result, he stimulates our emotions. Such a sortie into the pattern field is not new. When my father and mother were first married, they had an apartment in the rue de Val

de Grace in Paris. As Mother did a bit of painting, I possess a record of the corners of their living room. On the walls were hung rugs. It was the fashion those days. So you see that non-objective art has long held a place in life.

Once more, then, to my father, who used to say: "It does not matter what you do; it's the way you do it that counts."

So, good luck to those of you who succeed as artists.

Good luck also to those of you who eventually turn to other occupations but remain esthetically in the body of amateurs. Again remember my father's other words spoken so long ago: "Their love of the beautiful contributes to happiness and tends to a wider enjoyment of life in the revealing of beauty where otherwise it would have been ignored."

FRED W. WEIR

THE death of Fred W. Weir on June 19, at the Presbyterian Hospital, removed a loyal and devoted member of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Weir was appointed by the President of City Council to membership on the Board of Trustees of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh on January 16, 1940, which carried with it membership on the Boards of Trustees of Carnegie Institute and Carnegie Institute of Technology. Faithful in attendance at meetings, he gave careful attention and consideration to the affairs of the Carnegie institutions in Pittsburgh, serving as a member of the Buildings and Grounds and the Founder's Day Committees. As a member of City Council he was actively interested in the betterment of the city and his death is a great loss to the community and to the organizations with which he was connected.

The Boards of Trustees of these Carnegie institutions desire to make this record of their respect and admiration of Mr. Weir, and wish to convey to his family the assurance of their deep sympathy in their bereavement.

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

Activities at the Carnegie Institute from June 1, 1946 to June 1, 1947

Visitors.....	785,638	Tours conducted through Painting in the United States, 1946.....	139
Broadcasts.....	39	Attendance 6,775	
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS			
Exhibitions.....	18	Adult groups conducted through Department.....	13
Contemporary Drawings from the Permanent Collection		Attendance 1,864	
Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists		Children conducted through Department.....	22,002
Painting in the United States, 1946		16,791 of these sponsored by Board of Public Education	
Current American Prints, 1946		Sessions of drawing and painting classes for children.....	100
Reginald Marsh—Paintings in Tempera and Water Color		Attendance 29,569	
American Provincial Paintings (1780-1887) from the Collection of Edward Duff Balken		MUSEUM	
Selection from the Fifty-seventh Annual American Exhibition of Water Colors and Drawings of The Art Institute of Chicago		New exhibits installed.....	12
Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Sculpture, and Crafts by Associated Artists of Pittsburgh		Artefacts of North American Indians	
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—Paintings, Drawings, Prints and Posters		Ball Collection of Lighting Devices	
Thirty-fourth Annual Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art—presented by Academy of Science and Art, Section of Photography		Fisher Collection of Pipes	
Lithographs by Benjamin Kopman		Curling Glass Decanters	
French Portrait Engravings by Robert Nanteuil (1623-78) and Jean Morin (1590-1650)		Ethnological wall maps of the Indians of North and South America	
Paintings from the Permanent Collection		Gem Minerals of the United States	
Art Craft Processes		Gem Minerals of the World	
Lawrence B. Saint Collection of Drawings of Stained Glass Windows		Glass Models of Insects	
Prints purchased through Leisser Art Fund, 1943-46		Mammals of Pennsylvania	
Scholastic Magazines' National High-School Exhibition—Sculpture, Textiles, Design, Ceramics, Prints, Posters, Pictorial Arts, Handcrafts		Merychippus, a Miocene Horse	
Paintings, prints, sculpture, and crafts displayed.....	3,640	Mountain Caribou	
Prize moneys awarded.....	\$3,700	Recent Accessions Case	
Paintings purchased.....	1	Temporary Exhibits.....	5
Paintings received as gifts.....	3	Museum Lectures.....	12
Prints received as gifts.....	94	Attendance 7,689	
Paintings lent for exhibit.....	12	Saturday motion-picture programs	20
Drawings lent for exhibit.....	1	Attendance 4,310	
Art process cases lent for exhibit..	9	Children conducted through Museum.....	40,181
Art lectures.....	3	16,025 of these sponsored by Board of Public Education	
Attendance, 1,500		Sessions of two children's science clubs.....	40
		Attendance 306	
		Nature Contest entrants.....	93
		Loans of exhibit cases through Board of Public Education.....	4,998
		369 cases available; loans viewed by 238,327 students	

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Loans of exhibit cases to clubs, groups, and other schools..... 86
1,768 cases available; loans viewed by 34,429 persons

MUSIC HALL

Organ recitals given..... 75
Attendance 31,812
1,027 compositions performed, representing work of 285 composers, of whom 115 are American

Organ compositions given first performance..... 70

Musical organizations participating..... 24
Tenth Christmas Carol Festival included 17 nationality choirs

LIBRARY

Books circulated..... 2,955,008
1,769,900 from Central Lending, Stations, and Branches; 1,159,447 from Schools; 25,661 from Blind Division

Reference questions asked..... 45,405
(Figure includes telephone and letter inquiries) 34,209 from Reference Department, including Pennsylvania Room, Music and Art Divisions; 11,196 from Technology Department

Listeners served by David Light Listening Room in the Music Division..... 8,066

Illustrative material lent by Art Division..... 11,536
10,197 pictures; 186 prints; 1,153 slides

Veterans served by Readers' Consultant Office..... 1,133

School Classes visiting Central Boys and Girls Room..... 76
Attendance 3,678

Story Hours in Central Boys and Girls Room..... 68
Attendance 5,153

Book talks in the Room and outside..... 160
Attendance 6,864

Pictures circulated from Central Boys and Girls Room..... 17,230

☆☆☆

Organizations renting Music Hall. 69

Organizations using Music Hall more than once during the season have been Academy of Science and Art, Allegheny County League of Women Voters, Bach Choir of Pittsburgh, Board of Public Education, Burton Holmes Travelogue, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Duquesne Light Company, First Church of Christ—Scientist, Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh, National Emergency Council, Pittsburgh Civic Chorus, Pittsburgh Symphony Society, Pittsburgh Youth Symphony, Rodef Shalom Congregation, University of Pittsburgh, and Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society.

Organizations renting Lecture Hall 32

Organizations using Lecture Hall more than once during the season have been Adath Israel Congregation, Audubon Society, Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, Headquarters Second Army, Instrument Society of America, Photographic Section of Academy of Science and Art, and University of Pittsburgh.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE Museum has been the recipient of several gifts recently, three of them in support of the explorations currently being conducted in Utah under the leadership of David W. Rial, fellow in archeology and ethnology of the Museum. C. E. Cowan, of Greensburg, has presented \$2,500 for this work; Edward Crump, Jr., has given

\$200; and Charles B. Shaler, \$100.

Dr. George H. Clapp has sent \$250 for purchase of a collection of stamps from A. E. Guenther.

The Class of 1947 of Carnegie Library School has given, through its president John Rebenack, \$50 to buy books to be added to the School's Collection of Editions.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Head, Department of English,
Carnegie Institute of Technology



FOR the first time since the winter of 1944, when four one-act plays were presented in one program, the Department of Drama produced in April the work of a student in its class in play-writing. This was a full-length play entitled *Coronado's Children*, written by John Witcher Young, a candidate for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Drama, and directed by Mary Morris.

Mr. Young is a Texan who knows the topography and the folklore of the Southwest. In *Coronado's Children* he has written against the colorful background of the deserts and canyons and mountains of New Mexico a moral tale, half melodrama and half fantasy, of man's eternal and ill-fated quest for material wealth. Also to be found in it is more than a suggestion of the familiar theme that to travel is better than to arrive, and many of the picturesque, weatherbeaten old prospectors who still haunt the gold country are less interested in finding gold than in hunting for it.

The play begins with a prologue depicting the futile search of the sixteenth-century Coronado and his rowdy companions for the fabled cities of gold which are always reported to lie "further north" and their brutal treatment of the peaceful natives. Mr. Young, in writing this scene with its human beasts of burden must have had in mind the great opening scene in O'Neill's *Marco Millions*. The play proper concerns a St. Louis couple, the Reagans, who have come to New Mexico in search of a lost gold mine of fabulous richness. Sue Reagan has a map left her by her pioneer grandfather and she is so fully convinced of its genuineness that she has succeeded in persuading her reluctant and skepti-

cal husband to join her on the hunt. Accompanying them are Reagan's brash young nephew Larry and a pretty secretary, Martha Rivers. Led by a cringing and apprehensive Mexican guide Pablo, they make their way into the desolate country indicated on the map. Here, in addition to the difficulties provided by nature, they encounter opposition from one Mozo, an Indian with a college education, who resents the intrusion of white men into the last domain of his people and endeavors to throw them off the track by scoffing at the legend of a lost mine. They meet also a young Indian girl Nacoma, who longs for the luxury and excitement of the white man's civilization and rapidly develops a trusting affection for Larry. The hitherto bored and cynical Reagan becomes convinced of the existence of the mine just as his wife quails before the danger and hardship of the expedition and decides to abandon it. In the company of an old prospector named Trapper Smith and a frontier evangelist named Preacher Kelly, Reagan and Larry continue the search, and through the guidance of Nacoma, whom Reagan has persuaded Larry to cajole with the intention of deserting her after her usefulness is over, they discover the canyon where the mine lies. But Mozo and the now disillusioned and vengeful Nacoma dislodge a specially located rock to precipitate a landslide which buries the four white men under tons of earth. There follows an amusing epilogue, "in endless time," showing Coronado, still on his eternal quest, welcoming to his motley ranks as his "children" these four latest victims of the gold fever, together with a group of old prospectors and even the beloved burro of Trapper Smith.



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "CORONADO'S CHILDREN"

A play which the audience knows has come fresh from the workshop is likely to be the target of more criticism than an established play that has met with success in the professional theatre. Successful commercial production assures a certain accepted position that the work of a beginning writer lacks, and the play-doctor who lives within every playgoer is inclined to diagnose and even prescribe for the ailments of a student play with greater freedom than he would display in treating, for example, the most recent work of a man like O'Neill. All of us feel somehow that we are entitled to take a hand in shaping the play, in pointing out what seem to us to be the dramatist's mistakes, in telling him what we consider to be wrong—usually without being able to tell him how to right it! In such a spirit one finds much to object to in the rather hastily written *Coronado's Children*; but one also finds much to praise. And, as always, no two critics will agree upon what belongs in either category. It is safe to add that in such cases an author is likely to be his own severest critic. No doubt Mr. Young, seeing his play produced, learned more that will be of help to him in his career as a dramatist than he could have learned from months of speculation.

Considering the play itself and the Carnegie production together, I feel no hesitation in saying that the author and Miss Morris and the Department of Drama gave their audiences a pleasant, colorful evening marked by moments of real beauty and power. The dance with which the prologue opened, presented in the growing light of a summer dawn against a brilliantly painted desert setting, was among the most successfully staged episodes of its kind to be seen in recent years in the Little Theatre. Indeed, Lloyd Weninger's settings throughout were beautiful and impressive, particularly the desert scene just mentioned and the camp scene in the canyon. Mr. Young evolved a growing suspense through the central part of the play, and the audience found itself gripped by the same excitement which seized Reagan when he perceived Mozo's anxiety about the map and realized suddenly that there was something to his wife's story of a lost mine after all. The characters of Trapper Smith and Preacher Kelly, though painted in bold colors and with little or no shading, were alive and highly entertaining. The difficult scene of the landslide was handled convincingly. As for the epilogue, I found it most enjoyable and, at least in conception, an artistically

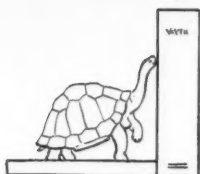
satisfying conclusion for the play. The introduction of the talking burro, the quaint juxtaposition of sixteenth-century Spaniards and homespun prospectors and modern city folk, the "Hold that pose!" of the incorrigible snapshot-taker Larry as the procession resumes its progress toward the cities of gold, Coronado's slur at the empire-building Englishman—these and other touches gave the epilogue a charm which ended the evening in a very effective manner.

As for the faults of the play, there seemed to me to be a good many—though, as I have said, no one else is likely to agree with me as to just what they were. Probably the greatest defect of the work was that it sadly needed cutting. It was often wordy, and there were several characters—notably Lita and Martha—who might well have been omitted entirely. Then I found the whole sequence involving Nacoma hard to swallow. True, without her Mr. Young would have had to find another way of advancing his plot, but the search would have been worth the effort. The innocent little native girl who is led by her love of the charming outsider (and in the person of Larry, a weak and silly outsider at that) to betray her downtrodden people—no, it won't do. People begin to mutter, "I've seen this film." Again, there was the matter of the death of the burro Sadie and the prayer which Trapper Smith persuades Preacher Kelly to say over her grave in the canyon camp. Sadie dies because she is overloaded at the insistence of Reagan in his ruthless search for the mine, and one would assume that the sad event occurred somewhere along the route. But in that case the sorrowing survivors must have toted her back to home base, for there before us is her sepulchre. Mr. Young and Miss Morris and the actors who played Smith and Kelly managed to make the scene somehow more moving than I would have thought possible, but except for the preparation it provides for the later reappearance of Sadie

I should vote for its omission. Finally, as was inevitable, the writing here and there needs sharpening. The dialogue in the potentially poetic opening scene is flat, and there are some bad moments later on. "There's gold in them hills," declaims Preacher Kelly. And when Reagan is about to lead the way into the canyon where the lost mine lies, he turns to his companions and cries, rather superfluously if nothing else, "This is it, men! Follow me!" And the last line of the play is this, spoken by Mozo with a melodramatic gesture as he hurls into the canyon after the doomed men the money with which Reagan had tried to console Nacoma, "And let their gold perish with them!"

Among the players who stand out most sharply in my memory is the Pablo of the first cast. Though the role is a minor one, the actor succeeded in bringing to vivid life the lazy, fearful, greedy peasant torn between fear of the Indians and lust for money. The bickering and the growing tension of the Reagans were well portrayed in both casts, and the scenes involving Preacher Kelly and Trapper Smith were for the most part highly successful. The first Mozo did not make a very convincing Indian, but he gave a carefully studied performance; the second Mozo seemed to me more realistic in appearance but somewhat less at home intellectually in the role. Oddly, the appearance of the two Nacomas was just the reverse: that is, the first Nacoma looked like an Indian girl straight out of *Ramona*, whereas the second could have passed for a co-ed on any campus. In the thankless role of Larry, the first actor I saw was entertaining if a little too boyish, but the second was irritating with his cheerful shouting and Rover-Boy heartiness.

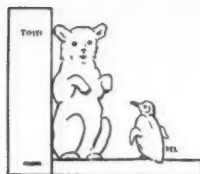
A final word should be said in praise of the manner in which the ballad *My Darling Clementine* was woven into the play as a recurrent musical theme, ending with the prospectors' hillbilly rendition of it by voice and harmonica in the epilogue.



THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

By M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS OF THE NORTHEASTERN STATES By ROGER CONANT. Philadelphia: Zoological Society of Philadelphia. 1947. 40 p., 123 illus. \$1.00. Carnegie Library call no. q598.1 C74r

WHEN summer comes (as I write these lines in rainy June I am tempted to begin "If") many of our friends and neighbors set forth to vacation in Penn's Woods. For some the pleasures of the outdoors will be marred by a nagging fear of snakes, a fear which is no less real because it is irrationally greater than the actual hazard. This fear is, furthermore, no respecter of persons; in the same day recently a farm wife and a world-famous psychiatrist telephoned to me to inquire about snake dangers. A host of herpetologists could not exorcise this fear entirely, but even a handful of us may gradually educate people to restrict their fear of snakes to those species that are potentially dangerous, and as we limit fearfulness to a lesser number of species we hope also to reduce its intensity. Poisonous snakes will always merit respectful avoidance, and a mild fear of them, like a healthy respect for fire, is sensible. They are, however, one of the minor hazards of life, far less dangerous than automobiles, shotguns, bathtubs, stairways, or various other appurtenances of modern life.

Our educational job would be greatly simplified if there were more good pictures of snakes readily available. Unfortunately, many newspapers, even some that print "X marks the spot" pictures of gory crimes, will not publish snake pictures for fear of shocking their readers! Some great foundation would do the entire country a real service by sponsoring a series of good, inexpensive, colored post cards portraying the poisonous snakes—and for that matter the harmless snakes, and

other animals as well, of the United States.

This introduction is my defense, if one is needed, for neglecting the interesting books that await my attention while I interpolate a review of a pamphlet. It has no stiff board covers and it is too big to put in your pocket, but it does have pictures—excellent pictures and lots of them. There are many well-written regional handbooks on amphibians and reptiles, but I cannot recall one that has as many large-scale, crystal-clear photographs as this one. Every herpetologist, no matter how skilled his pen, will admit that a good photograph of almost any of his creatures is of more real use to the layman than the best written description. Most of the photographs published here represent the work of four photographers, Mark Mooney, Jr., Isabelle de P. Hunt, Albert F. Hallowell, and Ed Deal, Jr. These four have all been staff members at one time or another of the Philadelphia Zoo, an institution famed for its perspicacity in employing outstanding photographers. A minority of the photographs were made by five herpetologists who have earned photographic reputations second only to their professional ones. There are, in addition, full-page illustrations by Robert Riggs and Edmond Malnate, and the amusing thumbnail sketches that introduce the discussion of each order are the work of Carnegie Museum's Dr. Grace L.orton.

Do not be misled by my uninhibited admiration for the photographs into considering this wholly a picture book. Actually, it includes in abbreviated

form all the essential information about amphibians and reptiles that a camper is apt to need from the Potomac to the Penobscot. There is a frontispiece map delimiting the area treated, a title page, an introduction, and a two-page check list giving the common names, scientific names, and geographic ranges of the ninety-four forms included.

The main body of the work begins with a general discussion of snakes, which includes, for example, such interesting details as the fact that some snake eggs may hatch four days after being laid, while others require three or four months for development, and that a female worm snake may lay only two eggs whereas a female mud snake has been known to produce over one hundred. This general discussion is followed by paragraph-long characterizations of each of twenty-seven snakes, accompanied by thirty photographs illustrating twenty-six species. The page facing the poisonous snake portraits is devoted, very properly, to a discussion of first aid for snake bite, illustrated with five photographs showing the successive steps in using a suction kit.

Succeeding orders—lizards, turtles, frogs, and salamanders—are treated in similar fashion: first, a general discussion with emphasis upon those matters about which questions are most frequently asked, and second, a section of individual portraits and brief word portrayals.

The text is concluded with a practical discussion of methods of caring for captive amphibians and reptiles, followed by a one-page bibliography of up-to-date handbooks for the entire country and the more important recent state and regional booklets concerning the northeastern area. The inner rear cover provides an index, a tool which I regard so highly that I am delighted to find it even in a forty-page pamphlet.

The Carnegie Museum's collection of twelve thousand herpetological specimens from Pennsylvania, accumulated over a fifty-year period, provides me with sound basis for the statement that

seventy-three currently recognized kinds of amphibians and reptiles, exclusive of sea turtles that occasionally stray up the Delaware River, inhabit this Commonwealth. Conant's area, although considerably more extensive in a north-to-south direction, since it stretches from southern Maryland to Maine, includes only the eastern half of Pennsylvania. This eastern portion provides a very narrow strip of coastal lowland which harbors some creatures not rugged enough to be mountaineers.

The lovely mountain and tableland country of western Pennsylvania boasts seven species not found in the east and, consequently, not included in the present report. These are: the ravine salamander, so christened by me for the habitat in which it is frequently encountered; Wehrle's salamander, honoring a now deceased amateur naturalist and jeweler long resident in Indiana, Pennsylvania; the seal salamander, which has a profile like a seal; the mountain chorus frog, which offers serious vocal competition to the spring peeper; Kirtland's water snake, so rare here that the Museum has acquired only six adults from Pennsylvania in half a century; the small-headed garter snake, found nowhere in the world but in the upper Allegheny drainage; and the smooth soft-shelled turtle, the only known Pennsylvania specimen of which reposes in Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoölogy because it was collected long before the Carnegie Museum was founded.

Whether you have a shuddering, unreasoning fear of snakes, a six-foot-away tolerance of them, or an actual liking for them, this booklet will provide you with needed information about them and their near relatives. Since one important branch of the tripartite responsibility of the Carnegie Museum is education, and since this publication will educate local residents in local herpetology in a well-nigh painless manner, the Carnegie Museum has arranged to have copies continuously available for sale.

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

INCIDENTALLY

A moment of curiosity prompted Dr. O. E. Jennings to query the various curators of the Museum as to the actual number of specimens in each department. The following list shows their reply.

Insects	2,000,000
Invertebrates	1,750,000
Plants	250,000
Fish	200,000
Birds	135,000
Archeology and Ethnology	75,000
Reptiles and amphibians	55,000
Invertebrate fossils	30,000
(1,000,000 uncatalogued)	
Mammals	25,000
Minerals	15,000
Vertebrate fossils	4,000
Loan materials	6,510
(705 cases, 793 skins)	
Total specimens	4,545,510

« 3 »

For the twenty-seventh year the staff members of the South Side Branch, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, are telling stories at the Ukrainian Presbyterian Vacation Bible School.

At Carrick Branch a recent display of mounted birds, borrowed from the Carnegie Museum, resulted in a considerable run on books about birds.

« 3 »

Paintings by William Shaffer, a Schenley High School student and "graduate" of the Institute Saturday art classes, are on exhibit in the main Library.

« 3 »

Commenting on Dr. Andrey Avinoff's showing of forty flower paintings at Knoedler's last month, the *New York Times* art critic writes: "Really remarkable. The artist uses water color, gouache, tempera, tinted India ink, wax crayon, and media sometimes combined, with genuine distinction. In some instances horticultural accuracy alone appears to have been the desideratum. Again, painstaking versimilitude figures in elaborate arrangements such as *Fantasy* and the water colors titled *In the Dutch Manner*."

"But most imaginative and often startling are the compositions in which Avinoff superimposes flowers upon fanciful allover designs, the effect thus created bordering upon surrealism of a very original sort. One such background fuses motifs out of Greek mythology and the Middle Ages, with soap bubbles and butterflies galore. Another serves to offset jonquils (or are they daffs?) with a kind of palimpsest, as it would seem, of the events of all time. The tiny *Persian Night* pins a rose on Greco. *The Tulips Are Gone* is mostly Never Never."

« 3 »

53,766 persons visited Carnegie Institute in June.

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